



WIT A SPORTING G. H. B. I 657.



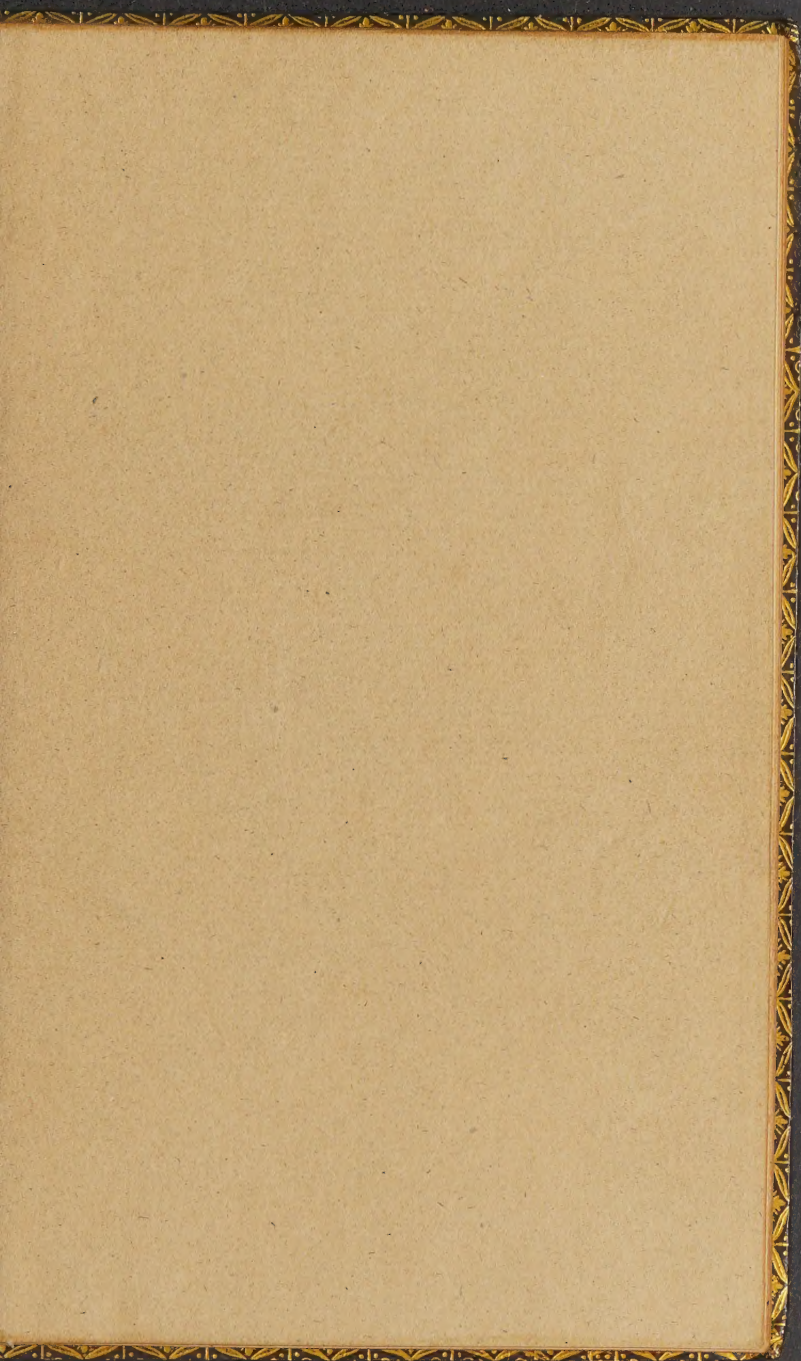




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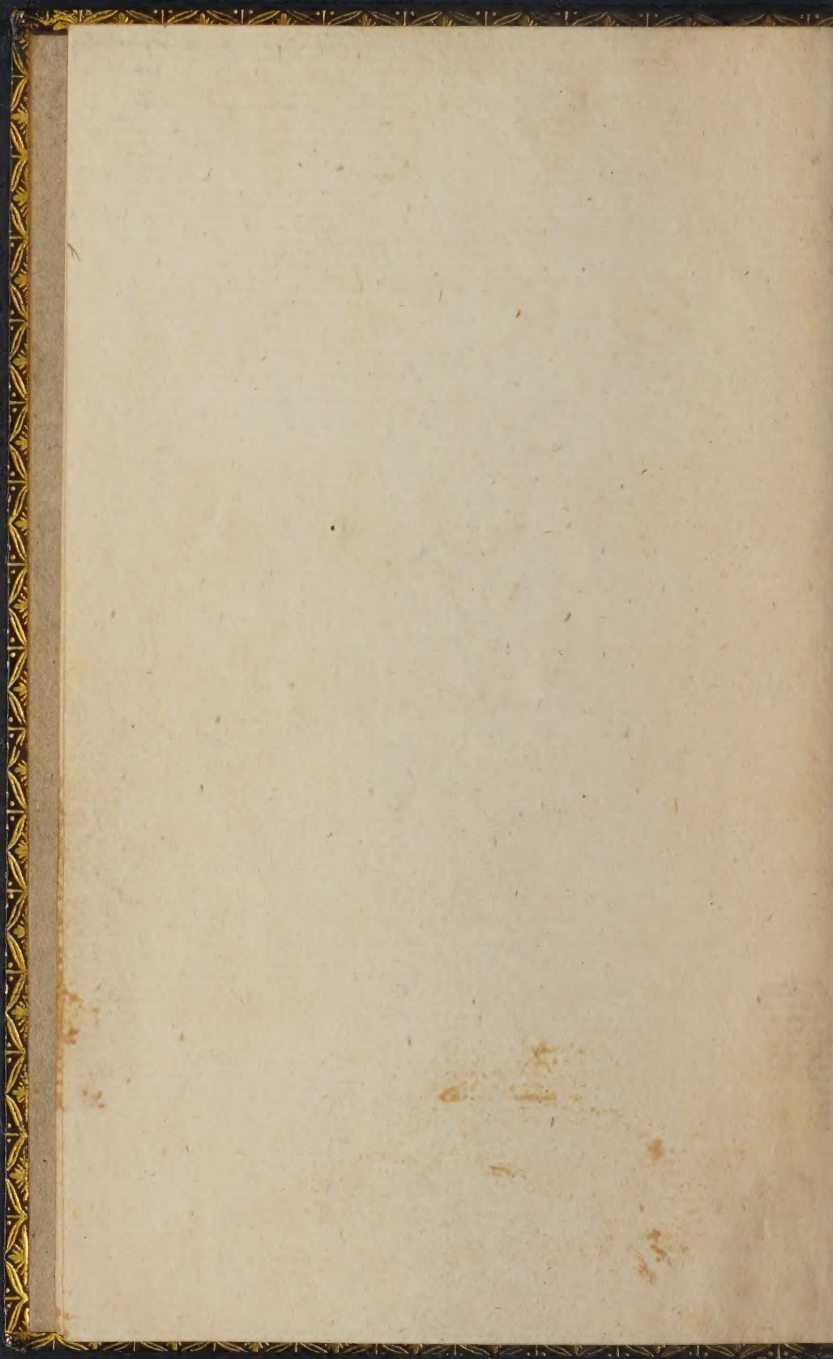
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VVIT
A
SPORTING
In a pleasant
GROVE
OF
NEW FANCIES.

By *H.B.*

LONDON,

Printed for *W. Burden*, and are to be sold at
his shop in *Cannons-street*, near *London-*
stone, and by *S.L.* at the sign of the
Book-binders in *Shoo-lane*, 1657.

WV
STORING
GROVE

THE
AUTHOR,
TO THE
READER.

*When as our English Poets, those happier
men
That can drop wonders from their fluent pens:
Have with their miracles of Poetry
Feasted thy eares, and satisfi'd thy eye;
Then turn aside; and 'mongst the vulger things,
Place what my new-born Muse abruptly sings.*

Which

The Author to the Reader.

*Which though it be but meane (as tis confest)
'T hath ventured hard to pleas thee, since tis
prest:*

*If thou smile on it, I shall think my braine
Hath labour'd for this issue not in vain,
If otherwise thou do contemn my layes.
My pleasur's more to me, then all thy praise.*

*A Pleasant Grove of new
Fancies.*

On a Lillie in his Ladies hand.

BLeft in thy happy bed fair Lilly lye,
To shade thee from the Sun of her
(bright eye;

But do not in a wanton pride prefer
Thy self, as adding whiteness unto her,
Alas what glory could in thee appear
So eminent, if not transplanted there?
But see, thou fad'st already, poor proud
(flower

Whose fate is limited to one short hour;
And since thou wouldst for such a beutie vie,
Thy conquerd envie makes thee pale & die.
Come sit thee down, & with a mysslin charm
'eaze my incircled arm,
ill lockt in fast, imbraces we discover
In every eye a lover,

B

Then

Then lost in that sweet extacy of blisses,
Wee'l speak our thoughts in kisses.
In which wee'l melt our souls, and mix them
so,
That what is thine or mine, ther's none shall
know:
Rare mystery of love, and wondere too.
Which none but we can do:
Nor shall the leaden spirits of all those,
Who speak of love in tame prose:
Believe our joyes: but duly ceasure us,
Onely for loving thus.
Ah! how I smile, that doubtly blest, we do
Injoy our selves, and all their envy too.

His Choyce.

What care I though she be faire
Hair snow-like, or Sun-like eye,
If in that beauty I not share,
Were she deformed, what care I.
What care I though she be foule
Haire, swarthy hand, or Sun-burnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soule,
Let her be so, why what care I.
Dim sight is cozened with a glasse,

O

Of gaudy govvn or humerous haire,
Such gold in melting leave more dross
Then some unpolish't prices share,
Be she faire, or foule, or either,
Or made up of all together,
Be her heart mine, haire, hand, or eye
Be what it will, why what care I.

*To his Mistress when she was going
into the Country.*

YEs, yes, it must be so, but must there be,
When you depart, no memory had of
me,
My soule being rack't as large a distance too
To meet you there, as I must be from you,
While the glad spring for joy you shall be
seen
Meet your approach, and cloath her self in
green.
And the fresh morning to salute your rise;
Bedevves the ground from it's o're joyed
eyes,
For joy like grief, vve knowv, sometimes ap-
peares,
Writ on our cheeks, vvith characters of
tears.

Go and be happy, go, and when you see
 The trusty Ivy clasp it's much loved tree,
 And vvith it's amorous intvvinings cover
 The vvelcome vvaste of it's imbraced lover:
 Think it our Embleme then, and prov'd to

be

The happy shadow of my love and me,
 Go and be happy, and when some sweet
 brooks

(Calme as thy thoughts, and smooth as are
 thy looks)

Show thee thy face, then let thy thoughts
 supply

And though I be not, think that I am by;
 For if the heart be taken for whole man,
 I must be by thee, be thou where thou can.

Go and when some pretty birds on some smal
 spray,

Neer to thy window welcome in the day:
 Awake, and think, when their sweet notes
 you heare,

I was before-hand, and had sung them there.

Go, and whate're thou chance to heare or
 see,

Be it bird, or brook, or shade or tree;

If it delights thee, may my soule in it

Moue thy true joyes under that counterfit.

So, aske not how I do when you are there,

For

For at your mercy well or ill I fare.
 For now me thinks my heart so high doth
 swell,
 It must inforce a breath, farewell, farewell.

The Knell.

When the sad toling of my bell you heare,
 Think tis some Anfels tramp, and judgment's
 neere,
 Then if but to repent, you take the paine,
 Your judgments past, lie down and sleep againe.

The Perfume.

Not that I think thy breath less sweet than
 this,
 Thy breath, in which no pleasant sweets I miss,
 Not that I think thy white, than this less
 faire,
 Thy white, to which all whites but blackness
 are:
 Not that I think thy heart, then this less pure,
 Thy heart, which no dull mixture can indure,
 Send I this to thee, but as gold well try'd,
 Admits allay when it is purifi'd,
 So by this foile I would to thee in part
 what is thy breath, thy whiteness, and thy
 heart.

Thy breath, all perfumes, doth as far out go,
 As doth thy whitensse, the descending snow;
 The snow descends, but by the winds being
 blown,
 Thy sweetest breath, & whiter snows, thine own.
 Thy heart less mixt than the sole Phoenix bed,
 Proclaimes thee mistress of a Maidens-head,
 And so there were no ashes after fire,
 Would that ware conquer'd in my loves desire,
 But if here be, why can it not suffice?
 That one being dead another Phoenix rise.
 Thy maiden-head being gone, we still shall
 prove;
 Both being one unparallell'd in love,
 But I have ridd'd, let me now unfold,
 What is the perfume, what the snow, what
 gold;
 All this, and each of these, thou know'st thou
 art,
 And I should know more, did I know thy heart.

To his Mistress on her scorne.

Resolve me dearest, vvhy two hearts in one
 Should know the sin of separation.
 Must the sweet custome of our oft stolne kis-
 ses,

Be

Be lost, and we live empty of those blisses :
Or do the frowns of some old over steer
Nourish thy feare, or make thy love less
steer ?
Why didst thou suffer me those sweets to
steale,
Which but thine own, no tongue can e're
reveale,
And prompt me to a daring to believe,
That my sad heart should finde no cause to
grieve,
Yet now at last hast mockt my hope so far,
That I have not a cloud, though meant a
star
Well, take thy tryumph, study but to be
True to thy selfe, as thou art false to me.
And thou shalt meet a conquest, yet when I
Have groan'd unto the world my Elegy,
And thy unjust disdain, perhaps I shall
Obtaine this honour in my funeral.
Thy poysonous guilt mixt with thy purged
breath,
May make thee wither with me unto death.
So shall I triumph in thy ashes too,
In that my innocence hath conquer'd you,
And then my eye rejoyce, in that I have
Thy scorne, to be a mourner at my grave.

The Question and Answer

When the sad reins of that face
In it's own wrinkles buried lyes;
And the stiff pride of all it's grace
By time un lone, falls slack and dyes:
Wilt not thou sigh, and wish in some vext fit,
That it were now as when I counted it.

And when thy glass shall it present,
Without those smiles which once were there;
Shewing like some stale monument,
A scarce departed from it's haire,
At thy selfe frighted wilt not stare and
swear
That I believed thee, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and so
Pity the weakness of thy scorne
That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though faire it was, it is forlorne,
Loves sweets, thy aged corps, embalming
not
What marvel if thy carcase beauty rot

Then shall I live and live to be
Thy envy, thou my pity; say

when

Of New Fancies.

When e're thou see me, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beauties day)
Tis he, and had my pride not wither'd me
I had, perhaps, been still as fresh as he.

Then shall I smile and answer: true thy scorne
Left thee thus wrinkled, slack^d, corrupt, for-
lorne.

To his Worthy friend and Mistres.

I charge thee by those eyes of thine,
Give me my heart:
Those eyes that stole it out of mine,
I felt the smart.
And least the theft you should deny,
Look where you keep it in your eye.

And now I have espy'd it there,
Thinking to catch it,
You chaine and winde it in your haire,
But still I watch it
And so got loose from thence, it flies,
And sports agen upon your eyes.

Though now to cozen me you seek
Thinking to hide
Yet in the dimple of your cheek

I have discry'd:
 How now discovered it doth skip
 Twixt the soft prison of each lip.

Yes, yes, I see it stealing, go
 Least I should find it,
 Through the long gallery of snow,
 And still I minde it.
 How you have shufted it between
 Your breasts, not thinking it is seen.

See, see, I see it creeping in
 (neer you I feare.)
 Through the small crannies of your skin
 to shelter there.
 As if that vaile could cosen me,
 Alas, I know things I not see.

But if not eye, nor haire, nor cheeks,
 Nor lip, nor breast, nor heart it keeps:
 Give me them all, for ev'ry part
 Thou hast, has part of me; my heart.

To his Mistress.

While as the locks of time, and smoothe her far
 Than sliding streames skin and tresses are.
 Sweet as Arabian Odours, when in fire

Their

Their struggling spirits upwards do expire.
 (When as the courteous wind doth court our
 sense,
 And nourish it with sweet intelligence)
 Is thy pure breath; only this difference know,
 That sent is forc'd, but thine is natural so
 Soft as the plummy moss that overspreads
 The tender circle of young Turtle heads,
 Are thy two breasts, which enviously do swell
 To think that that should this, this that excell:
 And yet ashamed such strife their pride bath
 bread,
 Both blush and tip themselves with bashfull
 red.
 Typs, locks, streams, odours, down, nor blushes
 are
 So red, so sweet, so smooth, so faire.

Anagramme.

I value my Learning,

Well mayest thou value at the highest price
 That plant, and makes the braine a Paradise:
 To whose rare excellent the Iems most
 bright
 But cloudy are, and sollid gold too light.

The

Maides and Wives.

Maides are white papers, which no hand did
bind.
But Wives are blotted bookes, and interlin'd.

A drunken brabler.

Who onely in his Cups will fight, is like,
A Clocke that must be oyl'd well, ere it strike.

Loves Motion.

Kind Love, whose motion deepe affection
showes.
From th' outward sence to th' inward Cen-
tre goes.

On Church bells.

Some Novellists, that conscience most pre-
tend,
With Caps and Surplisses themselves offend;
Others dare raile at other matters else,
As at the Ring, but few against the Bells:
Which should they taxe, the Ropes would
undertake.
To answer for them, and all quiet make.

Fools

Fooles Paradise, or Reason Bewitcht.

----& apta

Spicula sent nobis puris----

Simple as are the Elements unmixt,
 Stedfast as is the earth, whose footing's fixt,
 Untainted like the silver suite of Swan,
 Alone like truth, well ordered like a man,
 Like these in each of these was I, untill
 Upon a time, Reason fell foule with Will,
 Who back't with sence, that it might bat-
 taile move;

Implor'd the ayde of all commanding Love,
 Love by his mother taught, doth soone
 comply,

To be an Actor in this treachery.
 The battell's wag'd, and reason fleye the
 field,

While Sence and Will to Love the Conquest
 yeeld.

I now, loves subject, am inforelt to doe
 What ever his designs commands me to do;
 See, see (quoth hee) do you behold that
 maid,

Whose equall doth not breathe; and there
 he staid,

To draw fresh aire, So quicke was he to
 give
 Mee

Mee notice that I must no longer live,
In my owne selfe, but her whom when I
spy'd,
Mee thought I had been happy to have dy'd.
Since I at once saw severally in one,
What joyn'd together made perfection.
This was Florella that bright shining starre,
Who might have caused a second Trojan
warre,
Were there a second Paris, for her face,
The world might strive, but then there sate
a grace
So chaste that might expell each spurious
thought,
Such as foule Hellen to her Paris brought.
There I might read in my Florella's lookes,
(Such are indeed beauties most perfect
bookes)
Loves pleasant Lecture where I might espie
How Cupid once sought entrance at her eye
Whom she repell'd, like snow and chaste and
cold
Could not admit a Sympathy to hold,
With his hot flames, but melting quite put
out
That ardent fire which warm'd her round
about.
Cupid denied of this did backward start,
And

And ran for hast to hide him in her heart,
Where he renewed fresh flames, and by
delay,

So scorcht his wings he could not fly away
Thus force perforce in her my conquer'd
breast

Is the poore Inne of such a God-borne
guest,

Whom while I harbor, it is hard to tell

Whether his presence be a Heaven or Hell.

Such pleasurable paine, such painfull plea-
sure

Sometimes below, and sometimes above
measure.

Mars on a time forsook his Venus bed,

Protesting he no longer would be led

To these embraces, which like Circles
charmcs,

Made him forget th' Heroicke use of Armes.

Venus heard this whiles halfe in anger shee

Did thrust her darling Cupid off her knee.

Downe falls the youngster and in falling so

Broke all his Arrows, quiver and his bow,

His grandame Nature pittying the mis-
chance,

Wipes the waggcs eyes, told him she would
advance

Him to his former office: for a dart

That

That should transfixe the most obdurate
heart.

She would create an eye, and for a bow
She'd make a brow, whose art inclining so,
Should shoote such shafts, that deity should
yeeld (field,

Themselves glad prisoners in the maiden
When streight she made Florella, such a
maid, (said?

Who being nam'd, need there ought else be
'Tis not long since that I heard Lovers
whine (Mistris eyne

At whose deep wounds, which from their
They bleeding had receiv'd, cause they could
winne

No mercy from them, whilst I thought some
pinne
Had scratch'd their tender hands, till I too

late
Grew sensible they were unfortunate
In their lost loves, 'cause when Florella
fround,

Shee like a Commet stricke mee to the
ground,

Till shee was pleas'd to cleare her glorious
eyes, (to rise,

Which summon'd mee from death to life
Wherefore you speedy Merchant doe you
runne Be,

Beyond the bounds of the all-bounding
Sunne,
To seeke for Rubies, Pearle, and Ivory,
Adventuring hazard both of Land and skie,
When my Florella can afford all this
Without your search in the tumultuous
Seas.

Rubies and Pearle, her lips and teeth, her
skinne,
Like hollow Ivory, lockes those gems
within,
For which you fondly up and downe doe
rome

*When you may better find this wealth at home,
What would the Northerne Climate hold too
deare*

*To purchase my Florella to live there?
That where the niggard fate denies to shine,
They might receive more lustre from her eyne.
But that I know she loves Religion best,
he had long since, scene India the West,
but least, those Pagans who adore the rise
Of the bright Sunne, should doate upon her
eyes,*

he was resolv'd to stay; wo had I bin
lad she gone thither to encrease their sinne.
ast India nothing holds that's worth her
view,

There's nothing there, that shee can take for
new,

Their aire-perfuming spices, pretious gum,
Their fragrant odors, pleasants, Cinamum
All these and sweeter farre, shee breathes
whose smell

Doth all things but it selfe, highly excell:
Once to my friend I did these lines rehearse,
Who streightway smil'd and did applaud
my verse.

But Ah! I feare 'twas my Florella's name
That brib'd his tongue, so to belie my fame.
Once, and but once I chanc'd to have the
sight

Of my Florella, who makes darkness light:
When leaden Morpheus did her sence sur-
In the lock't casket of her closed eyes, (prize,
Faine would I steale a kisse, but as I strove,
Those scarlet Judges of my sleeping love
Did swell against my pride, and angry red,
Charg'd mee stand back from her forbidden
bed:

(smother.
While they her precious breath did seem to
Each priately did steale a touch from the
other,

I envious at their new begotten blisse
Was bold on her soft lips to print a kisse.
At which she wak't: And have you ever seene
How

How faire Aurora, heavens illustrious
queene.

Shakes off her sable Robe, and with a grace
Smiles in the front of a faire morning face.
Just so my love as if night had beene noone,
Discards the element of the uselesse moone:
And from her glorious tapers sent a fire,
To light the darkest thoughts to quicke
desire.

While thus from forth her rofall gate she
sent,

Breath form'd in words, the marrow of
content.

And have you Sir, at such a tempting time
Betrayd my honour, to this welcome crime,
By stealing pleasure from me, 'twas thy Love
know, that did thee to this trespasse
move

For I have prov'd thy faith which since I
finde

The trusty Inmate of a loyall minde,
Of force I must except it; and in part
Of recompence, afford thee all my heart,
Thus having ceaz'd my prize; I told her,
sweet,

As by no fouler name we ere may greeete,
O what is mine I tender, all, my selfe,
The poorest part of thy unvalued wealth.

Thou hast won much in this, thy mercy
 showne,
 That thus at last thou dost receive thy owne
 Least they who after me like fare shall
 prove,

Should say, See what it is to be in Love.

I am in portu.

Loves Apostacy to his friend Mr. E. D.

Tut, let her goe, can I indure all this,
 Yet dye, to doate upon a maydens kisse?
 Is there such Magicke in her lookes, that
 can,

Into a foole, transfigure a man?
 Didst thou not love her true: and shee
 disdain

To meete thy vertue? let her meete her
 shame.

Were she as faire as she her selfe would be,
 Adorn'd with all the cost of bravery:
 Could she melt hearts of flint, and from her
 eye

Give her beholders power to live or die.
 I'de rather begge she would pronounce my
 death,

Then be her scorne, though that preserv'd
 my breath

Rise

Rise heart! and be not foold; S'foot
 what a shame
 Were it for thee to re-intence one flame
 From the declining spark! dost thou not know
 As shees a woman, her whole Sex doth owe
 To thine all honor? her false heart & pride
 Dare not oppose thy faith; then
 turn high tide,
 And let her (since her scorn doth so
 disease thee)
 By her repentance strive again to pleas thee.

The broken-heart-song.

COUNT the sighs, and count the tears,
 Which have in part my budding yeers;
 Comment on my woful look,
 Which is now black sorrows book,
 Read how love is overcome;
 Weep and sigh, and then be dumb.
 ay it was your charity
 To help him whose eyes are dry.
 Here paint my *Cleora's* name;
 Then a hurt, and then a flame;
 Then mark how the heart doth fry
 When *Cleora* is so nigh:
 Though the flame did do its part;
 'Twas the name that broke the heart.

Peace no more, no more you need
 My sad History to read.
 Fold the Paper up agen
 And report to other men,
 These complaints can justly prove
 Hearts may break that be in love.

Women are mens shadows.

I.

Follow a shadow, it flies you,
 Seem to flie it, it will pursue.
 So court a Mistris, she denies you,
 Let her alone, she wil court you.
 Say, are not women truly then
 Stil'd but the shadows of us men?

2.

At morn and even shades are longest,
 At noon they are, or short or none:
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, th'are not known.
 Say are not women truly then
 Styl'd the shadows of us men.

Women

Women are not mens shadows. E. Contra.

I.

THe Sun absented, shadows then
Cease to put on the forms of men :
But wives their husbands absent, may
Bear best their forms (they being away)
Say, are not women falsely then
Stil'd but the shadows of us men.

2.

Shadows at morn and even are strong,
At noon they are, or weak or none :
Women at Noon are ever long,
At night so weak they fall along.
Say, are not women falsely then
Stil'd but the shadows of us men ?

3.

As bodies are contracted, shadows so
Contract themselves to forms as bodies do :

C 4

Let

Let men be bounded nere so close, I wist,
 Women wil rove and ramble where they list
 Say, are not women falsly then
 Stil'd but the shadows of us men?

An Epigram.

To himself of his Mistris.

WHat though thou merit' not?
 why know there lies
 Vail'd in the courteous candor of her eyes,
 A saving mercy, that can lend a wing
 For dul despair to mount on, tis a thing
 Beyond the common reach, to know how
 [sweet
 He lives, that doth in death a pardon meet.
 But thou art poor; true, but her better part
 Nere lookt upon the habit, but the heart.
 Shee that has vertue cannot dote on those,
 Whose best perfection is a sute of clothes.
 Who court th' attracting beauties of the age
 With some con'd stuff brought from the
 (Cockpit stage:
 Or gull their Mistris by some Poeme shown,
 Which,

Which, 'cause they paid for, they dare call
 [their own,
 When, if their brains were ransackt, you
 [might know
 They nere commenc't beyond their Criss-
 [cross-rowe.
 Then hope (poor heart) and strongly that
 [shee will
 At last imbrace thee, for she hath the skill
 To school thee first with frowns, that so
 [her favor
 May, when she smiles, last with the greater
 [savour.

Another Epigram.

To his Superlative Mistris.

Compare the Bramble to the stately Pine;
 The fruitles Thistle to the vertuous Vine;
 Compare the Charcole to the snow-white
 [Down,
 The wreath of Rushes to th'Imperial crown.
 Compare the Raven to the turtle Dove,
 The Moors of India to the queen of Love.
 Com-

Compare the Candle to the splendent Moon
 The fogs of night, to *Phæbus* eye at noon.
 Compare the Kite to sweet-breath'd

[*Philomel*,

The Lerman Lake to th' *Hellicenian* Well,
 If these admit comparifon, then ſhe
 That can admit of no equalitie,
 May find a parallel; but let ſome men
 Rack their dul brains to praife their Miſtris.

[when

The utmoſt of their language they have ſpent
 Let them ſit down and ligh, and be content.
 Their Idols eyes to Sunbeams to compare,
 Or by the roſe her blated lips declare.
 My Miſtris muſt beyond their Saints, ſurvive
 In that unequald height, Superlative.

*Of one Mary Frail, who lay
 with Mr. Reason.*

M*ary* was long deſirous for to marry,
 And vow'd that paſt fifteen ſhe would
 (not tarry;
 I am ſure this vow of modeſty did faile;
 Alas

Alas yet pardon her, for she is Frail.
 No suitors came, nor could her longing eyes
 Meet any that might seize her as his prize;
 But making conscience not to break her vow
 She is (as then she promis'd) no maid now.
 Though thou know'st not why she so young
 (did sport,
 I'de have thee think, *Frail* had some *Rea-*
 [son for't.

*On the same Mary, a great
 lover of Mary-bones.*

Why she doth *Mary-bones* affect,
 [wouldst know?
 I think the reason is not hard to show;
 The bone she cannot eat, that's hard as flint,
 Oh then I ghes's the cause! there's some-
 [thing in't;
 Well, what's that something? O my Muse
 (there stick,
 She that loves marrow likely loves a ----

On a loose Lover.

I Cannot rule my self, but where Love pleas,
 Am driven like a ship upon rough Seas.
 No one face likes me best, all faces move,
 A hundred reasons makes me ever love.
 If any eye me with a modest look,
 I blush; and by that blushful glance am took;
 And she thats coy I like for being no clown,
 Me thinks she would be nimble when shee's
 (down.

Tho her fowr looks a *Sabines* brow resemble,
 I think she'l do, but deeply can dissemble.
 If she be learn'd, then for her skil I crave her,
 If not, because shes simple I would have her,
 Before *Gallimachus* one prefers me far,
 Seeing she likes my books why should we jar?
 Another rails at me, and that I write,
 Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
 Trips she, it likes me well; plods she, what
 (than?

She would be nimbler, lying with a man.
 And when one sweetly sings, then strait I
 (long

To quaver on her lips even in her song.
Or if one touch the Lute with art & cunning,
Who would not love those hands for their
swift running?

And her I like that with a majesty
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesie;
To leave my self, that am in love with all,
Som one of these might make the chafest fall:
If she be tall, she's like an *Amazon*,

And therefore fills the bed she lies upon.
If short she lies the rounder, to say troth
Both short & long please me, for I love both.
I think what one undeckt would be, being

(drest,

As she attired, then shew her graces best.
A white wench thralls me, so doth golden

(yellow,

And nut-brown girls in doing have no

(fellow.

If her white neck be shadowed with black

(hair,

Why so was *Leda's*, yet was *Leda* fair:

Whomber trest is she, then on the morn think I

My Love alludes to every History:

A young wench pleaseth, & an old is good,
This for her looks that for her woman-hood.

I say what is she that any man loves,

But my ambitious ranging mind approves.

The

The new Petition.

A *Pollo* once disdained not to keep,
 So he might keep, his love *Admetus*
 sheep:

The distaff *Hercules* did exercise,
 T'extract a smile from his deare Ladies eyes:
Olympick *Jove* disdained not to take
 A bulls effigies for *Eurippe* sake:
Achilles fitter far to deale with steel,
 Did labour for his Mistress at the reel.
 Love spar'd *Laander* his pledg'd faith to save,
 Died, hugging in his armes the murdring
 waye.

Whil'st a new death his *Heroe* doth devise,
 And drownd her selfe ith Ocean of her eyes.
 By *Pyramus*, the world did understand
 That love and life, lay linked hand in hand.
 When one was lost in *Thisbe*, th other flew,
 Through the peirc't portals of his wound,
 yet new.

Which when his *Thisbe* saw, tis hard to say,
 VVhose spirit posted fastest on the way.
 Thus some dejection, others did invade
 Great opposition, and have willingly laid,
 Their lives at needles hazzard, some have
 died,

And

And so have to the utmost satisfied
What tyrant love could force, & beyond this,
The great and true *non ultra* fixed is.
Yet happy this, since whatsoe're they tried,
Was on their Mistress part regratified.
Oh who would, when he saw an equal flame
Of love in her he lov'd, owe so much shame
As to esteem his life, if her least grief,
Did but invite his blood for her reliefe
But this forenamed courteous Ghost can
bear

Me witness, I have shed full many a teare,
Spoke the best language, Rhetorick affords.
Limbd out my heart even to the life in
words,

Would, what they did, did like occasion
proffer,

And till that, do I can no more, but offer.

And yet for all my sufferings, she that is,
If I dare reach to call her so, my bliss,
Lights all my sorrows; Oh weat eye could
now

Or bear to yeeld a tear, when seeing how
love, I am neglected weep with me
All you that read my wrongs, so if you be
Compassionate, perhaps your tears may
move

The frozen Mercy of my ice-white love.

Which

Then thy externall beautie, which no time
hall ere deface, and that is truly thine.
Though outward *white*, grac'd with an in-
ward *faire*,

7nite in one, exceedeth all compare.
For what may glorious *Saints*, whose divine
feature

immortalis'd above an human Creature,
Appropriate unto themselves save this,
Though they're invested with the roabe of
bliss!

ure is their *Store*, the *State* of innocence,
ull be their *Lamps* of divine influence,
omplete's their *Armour*, and their order
too,

Thus they attend the *Lambe* where ere he
go.

and thou terrestriall *Angel*, who canst give,
Though young) example to the old to live,
Divines what thou shalt be: for I do see,
All sacred Craces treasured in thee;
as in some curious artful Cabbinet,

Where Patience shines as a rich Jewellet
et in a precious *Tablet*, which may be best
Allusion have to thy unspoted brest,
Where vettues have their Mansion: should I
speak

More freely of thy Merits? I wil seek

D

No

No modern Model to conform the State
Of my affections, or will imitate,
Any with affectation, but that grace
which thou reserves in *action, speech & pace.*
Honor of ages, what a Sympathie
Of soul-inthroning vertues works in thee,
To make thee more affected ! Where desire
Of moderation tempers the heat of ire ;
Content all self-repining, and delight
To see another prosper, that base spite
Which worldly *Mole* expreis from day to day
In seeing others flourish more then they.
No, thou art earthly Sainted, & canst taste
What fruit's in Mundane pleasure being past
When this same Circle of our humane blest
Quite ran about, shal end with wretchednes
And is not this above th' conceit of man,
That thou the weaker Sex shold seem to spar
This abstract of thy life, with such respect
Unto thy soul form'd by that Architect,
Whose glory is thy aim ? Nay, that thy prime
Scarcely arriv'd at the freshnes of her time,
Should so disvalue earth, as to bestow
Thy heart on heaven, thy frayler part below.
Where life like to a shade, whose vading
(glory
Sums up our discontents as in a Story,
Gets disesteem with thee, fixing thine eye
Upon

Upon a more transcendant Emperie. (long
But that which shal extend thy days more
Then time can limit, is thy suffering wrong,
Smiling at injuries, as if thy brest
Were of that temper, griefs could not molest,
Nor soil her glorious Mansion, but appears
More eminent by th' injuries she bears.
I've heard indeed, som womans nature's such
As they can hardly ever bear too much;
The sense whereof, howf'ere our Criticks

take it,
May be confirm'd in thee; for thou dost
make it

The *Trophy* of thy triumph, and the crown
Of all thy conquest, to be onely known
Thy self in thy affliction, where relief
In Souls sole solace gives receipt to grief.
For Palms prest down do ever rise the more,
And Spices bruis'd smel sweeter then before:
so as this sentence verifide may bee,

Thou tryes affliction, n't affliction thee.

Mirror of women, what a triumphs this,
When there is nought, how great soere it is,
That can depress thy mind below the Sphere
Where it is fixed ! For tis this I swear,
And only this which moves me to affect
Thy self far more then any light respect,
Drawn from the tincture of a moving faire,

Which to mindes Beautie's short above
(compare.

For I have known the smoothest sleekest skin
Soild with the blemish of so foul a sin,
As Beautie lost her lustre by that stain,
Which once made black could nere be white
(again,

But thou in both complete, art such an one,
As without assentation there is none
May glory more of what she doth possess,
Though on my Knowledg none doth glory
(less.

And happy he if he had known his hap,
Who might repose in such a Ladies lap,
Secure from censure; but how weak is sence
When Reason's darkned through concupis-
(cence!

Alas of error, that our humane eye,
Expos'd to lust and boundless libertie,
Should derogate from man; where if we knew
How woman's to expect from man her dew,
As man from woman; we should straight infer
'To think of a strange beauty is to err.
He who did till those flowrie fields, which lay
Like *Adons* grove neer to the milkie way,
If he had known what happiness it is
In mutual love t^e injoy a mutual blis,
Where two dividuate souls do selfly move

By

By one united Sympathie in love ;
He vvould have thus concluded sure I am,
Who dotes on more then's own is less then man.
But novv to thee my lines their love extend,
Making thy self their Centre vvhere they
(end.

'Thou mildest mould of matron modesty,
'Live as thou liv'it, and gain eternity ;
Patience shall give thee convoy, fame , re-
novvn,
Both vvwhich contend to reach thee triumphs
crovvvn.

The true, and happy state of Love.

WHat I have, that I crave,
 Frank I lost, yet Frank I have;
 Happy am I in possessing
 Of her that gives love a blessing:
 Blessed love have earthly rank,
 Stated in my style of Frank,
 Happy sty'e that think no shame
 In respect of nature, name,
 Form, affection, and in all
 To be Frank, as we her call.
 Yet so Frank, that though she be
 Free, it's in such modestie,
 As no Creatures are, have bin,
 Can, or may tax her of sin.
 Pure in love, sincere in heart,
 Fair by Nature, not by Art.
 Crimson blushes which display,
 Reddest even makes clearest day;
 Clearest, where like Ida's snow
 Lillies on her cheeks do grow;
 Yet so mixt with true delight,

As

As the red contends with white;
 Yet one comm'd with Modesty,
 Red or white gets victory.
 Thus two Franks in beauty one,
 Ye'lls enough to dote upon;
 Equal both in favour, feature,
 Honour, order, name and nature;
 Both inclining to one stature,
 Equal'd by no earthly creature.
 For if I should paint them out,
 From the head unto the foot,
 I should make you then confess
 They were earthly Goddesses:
 And that Nature made these two,
 As those Mirrors which might show
 Her perfection and her store,
 Challenging, who could give more?
 Thus both equal in one letter,
 One to either, neither better;
 Twin-like seem as Time had fixt them,
 As two spheres not one betwixt them;
 Yet if needs one the best do crave,
 In my thoughts it's she I have:
 She, whose vertues do excel
 As they seem imparallal;
 Modest, yet not too precise,
 Wise, yet not cnoceined wise;
 Still in action, yet her will

Give being to my vows;
I will much ingage my heart, if when
I say she's mine, you'll say Amen.

Such kindness to our true love shown
Shall bind us doubly then your own.

A trick for your Learning

TWO Schollars in Thames-street were
(drinking hard,
And late; to whom a Constable repair'd,
And taxt them for't: Invited yet to drink
He turn'd up glasses, till both nod and winl
At greatest faults he would; when sleep at last
Did bridle up his brutish senses fast.
Mean while the waggish Mercuries conspire
T'abuse him, and two water-men they hire
To take him napping, & transport him thence
Th'way of all fish; who nere recover'd sense,
Nor from his dead sleep found himself alive,
Till both his Charons at Graves-end arrive.
To all harsh Magistrates a warning faire,
That they of too much wine and wit beware.

The Usurer.

HE puts forth Money, as the Hangman
(sowes,
His fatal Hemp-seed, that with curses
(growes.
So growes his damn'd wealth in the De-
vils name,
That doth in hel the Harvest home proclaim;
For which deep reason my poor *Muse* pre-
ferrs
This sute, that Poets nere prove Vsurers.

To a Detractor.

THou still art darting (like a Porcupine)
Thy quils against me, faulting every line
That my hand draws, and with the frost-
(like power
Of thy benumbed verse, would nip the
flower

Of

*A Complaint of his seperation
from his Mistris, caused
by his friends injunction:*

Dear heart, remember that sad hour,
When vve were forc't to part
How on thy cheeks I vvept a shovv,
With sad and heavy heart;
About thy wast my arms did t wist;
Oh! then I fight, and then I kist.

Ten thousand fears and joys in one,
Did such distraction frame,
As if the liveleſs vvorld vvould run
To Chaos back again.
Whilst my poor heart amidst these fears,
Lay bathed in my milk-warm tears.

Ah then I thought, and thinking vvept,
How friends and fate did lower,
On thee *Leander*; how they kept

Th

Thee from thy Heroes Tower;

While thunder groan'd & heaven did weep
To rock thy sence in *silent Sleep*.

But *Fate* must unresisted stand;

Oh vvho can it oppose?

Necessity's a Tyrant; and

No mean in mischief knowvs;

Else might my fairer *Love* and I

Inseverd live till one did dy.

Just so the hungry infant from

His mothers dug is tane,

When his weak arms yet spread along:

More dulcid milk to gain;

And nothing brings the babe to rest,

Until he sleep upon her breast.

Thus being banisht from my love,

And forc't to leave her sight,

No thoughts but those of her can move

In me the least delight;

But like true steel my heart doth pant,

To touch the long'd for Adamant.

Oh let no storm of discontent

Be clouded in your brows;

Dear friends that have my being lent,

Give

Is so pure it ne're acts ill;
 Virgin-mo'dest, yet delights
 To discourse of Hymens rights;
 Yet she blushes when she heares,
 Ought that's light found in her eares;
 And with skarlet-die d'splaies
 What to women yeelds most praises:
 For praise-worthy'tis in women,
 To blush at that Act is common;
 Since in speech those actions show
 Ill, which modest are to do;
 For a Maid should be afraid,
 Hearing th' loss of Maiden-head.
 With this Poem, and a Pearl
 Sent to Frank my faithful Girl;
 I conclude with friendly vow,
 To my Frank her neighbours too.

An Elegiack Sonnet.

If I onely had been he,
That had stood so far aloofe,
Or had been such Armour proof,
Dide I had not as you see,
Shot by womans Iealousie.

Mretched Woman why should Thou
Voted so much on Idol beauty,
Seeming only fit to sure thee
When it is not one nor two,
Nor a thousand more will do?

Let love loves not those exchanges,
Love is constant, firme and pure,
Drawn by no eye-charming lure;
It is lust that onely ranges,
Where new love old love estranges.

That is life then but a farm,
And the best a farmer is
If this life he counts a blifs,
Whree true love sustaines no harme,
Nere engag'd to Fancies charme!

Of thy sweet *Pœsie*. I wish thee show
More favour to thy self, than thus to blow
Sparks in thine eyes. Art thou not (slave)
(afear'd
To pluck a couchant Lyon by the beard,
That rous'd will rend thee? thou but
shootst in vain
Thy bolts of folly, that rebound again
From my unpierced Muse, whose lofty rim
Shall (Dial-like) stand in the face of time,
And look it down, when thou and thine
shall lie
Damn'd up with dust in blind obscuritie.

To the Slanderer.

(strange,
Could I but work a Transformation
On thee, whose malice pricks & rankles so
I would thy Carrion to a Thistle change,
Which Asses baite upon, & Rusticks mow.

That

That he is love sick and can-
not write Verses.

Pettie, it doth not me delight
Verses as before to write,
Quite thorow thrust
With deeply wounding lust.

With last, the which doth me desire
Love all men else to set on fire!
Or for young boyes,
Or for some female toyes.

His the third winter off has tore
The forests dress, since I forbore
To pine away
For my Inachia.

Brought down O what a sport was I?
For I am sham'd at such foolery)
And I repent
My feasting-merriments,

In

In which my grief and silent tongue,
And sighs from my hearts botom sprung!
Argued me
Inamorate to be!

And mourning to thee, I did cry,
A poor mans canded ingenie
Was all but vain
To stand against her gain;

When as the uncivil power
Of raging wine, had from its bower
My secret thought
With stronger liquer wrought

But in my breast if free rage boile,
That to the winds it may assoil
My sighs ingrate
Which my sore wound can't bate

When my modestness cast by
Shall give over presently
To strive so long
With rivals over strong.

When (next) I to you had enlarg'd
These things, to kie me home being charg'd
Along I went

With

With fearfull impotent,

those posts (ah) unkind to me,
and dores (ah) full of cruelty,
Where mightily
My loyns and sides bruised I

Ciseus love me now doth press,
fasting that he in tenderness
Dos far surpass
Any young married lass.

Hence nor the fret-spent consultations,
nor the rigid increpations
Of my friends ere
Me off again shall tear

at some other flame, in sooth,
of some fair maid or some plucky youth,
Knitting up fair
His long grown head of haire

The bag of the Bee.

ABout the sweet bag of a Bee,
 Two *Cupids* fell at odds,
 And whose the pretty prize should be,
 They vowed to ask the gods:
 Which *Venus* hearing, thither came,
 And for their boldness stript them,
 And taking from them each his flame,
 With rods of Mirtle whipt them;
 Which done, to still their wanton cries,
 When quiet grown she'd seen them,
 She kist, and wipe't their dove-like eyes,
 And gave the bag between them.

To his Mistris.

CHuse me your *Valentine*,
 Next let us marry:
 Love to the death will pine,
 If we long tarry:

You

You have broke promise twice,
Dear to undo me;
If you prove faithles thrice,
None then will wooe you.

*His Protestation to his
Mistris.*

NOon, day, and midnight shal at once
be seen,
Trees at one time shall be both red and
green.

Summer and winter shall at one time show
Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow:
Seas shall be sandless, Fields be voyd of grass,
Shapeless the world, as when all Chaos was;
Before my dear sweet Love, I will bee
False to my Vow, or fall away from thee.

Upon Love.

Love scorcht my finger, but did spare
 The burning of my heart,
 To signifie that love my share
 Should be a little part:

Little I love, but if that he
 Would but that heat recal,
 That joynt to ashes should be burnt,
 Ere I would love at all.

To his Mistris.

Shew me thy feet, shew me thy legs, thy
 (thighs,
 Shew me those fleshly principalities;
 Shew me that hil where smiling love doth sit
 Having a living fountaine under it.
 Shew me thy wast, then let me therewithall
 (By the ascension of thy Lavvn) see all.

On himself.

[Ove-sick I am, and must indure
A desperate grief that finds no cure :
h me ! I try, and trying prove
No herbs can cure the power of Love :
Only our sovereign salve I know,
And that is death, the end of woe.

To the Virgins to make much of time.

Gather your Rose-buds while you may,
Gold time is still a flying,
And that same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow may be dying.

he glorious lamp of heaven, tehufn
The higher he's a getting,
he sooner will his race be run,

And neerer to his setting.
That age is best which is the First,
When youth and old are warmer,
And being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Upon Cupid.

AS lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst Roses I there Cupid found,
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drunk him up.
Hence then it is that my poor brest
Could never since find any rest.

Upon her Brests.

Display thy brests (my Dear) there let me
 Behold that circummortal puritie,
 between whose glories there my lips Ile lay,
 avish't in that fair *Via Lactica*.

Upon himself.

MOpe-cy'd I am, as some have said;
 Because I've lived so long a maid,
 but grant that I should wedded be
 should I a jot the better see?
 No, I should think that marriage might
 rather then mend, put out the light.

Draw-Gloves.

AT Draw-gloves weel play,
And prethee lets lay
A wager, and let it be this,
Who first to the Sun
Of twenty doth run,
Shall have for his winning a kifs.

To the Rose.

Go happy rose and enterwoove,
With other flowers bind my love,
Tel her too she must not be
Longer Loving, long free
That so oft hath fettered me.

Say if she's fretfull, and I have bands
Of Pearl and Gold to bind her hands,
Tell her if she strugle still

have myrtel Rods at will,
 For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing ; thus go
 And tell her this, but do not so.
 Lest a handsome anger fly
 Like lightning from her eye,
 And burn thee up as well as I.

How Violets came blew.

LOve on a day, wise Poets tell
 Some time I wrangling spent,
 Whether the Violets should excel,
 Or she in sweetest scent :
 But Venus having lost the day,
 Poor girls she fell on you ,
 And beat ye so, as some do say ,
 Her blows did make ye blew.

Counsel not to love.

HE that will not love must be
My Schollar, and learn this of me :
There be in love as many fears
As the Summers corn hath ears .
Sighs and sobs, and sorrows more
Then the sand that makes the shore.
Freezing cold and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons and deadly sweats,
Now an ague, then a fever ,
Both tormenting Lovers ever.
Wouldst thou know besides all these.
How hard a woman tis to please ?
How cross, how fullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the Moon.
How false, how hallow shees in heart,
And how she is on her left part :
How high shees priz'd, and worth but small
Little thou't love, or not at all.

On the Willow-tree.

Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
herewith young men and maids distressed,
And left off love are crown'd.

When once the Lovers rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
When willow-garlands about the head
Bedeau'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect the Lovers bane
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their onely gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

50 *A Pleasant Office*

*To his Mistress to command
him any thing.*

Bid me to live, and I will live,
thy servant for to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kinde,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst finde,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do it for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and Ile despaire

Under

Of new Fancies.

Under that Cyprus tree,
I bid me die, and I will dare
Even death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

A Hymne to Venus.

Odds I do love a girl
Ruby-lipt', and tooth't like Pearl;
So be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtels offered up to thee.

The

The good night to the Bride

Blessings in abundance come
To the Bride, and to her Groome,
May the Bed this short night
Know the fulness of delight :
Pleasures may here attend you,
And ere long a boy Love send you.
Curld and comely, and so trim,
Maids in time may ravish him :
Thus a dew of graces fall
On you both; Good-night to all.

The Willow-Garland.

A Willow-garland thou didst send
Perfumed last day to me,
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee:
Since it is so, Ile tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow after that,
To dye upon the tree.

T

To a Tel tale.

thy glowing eares, to hot contention bent,
are not unlike red Herings, broyl'd in Lent.

To Baull, the Cryer.

thy rude Parish (as thou dost profess)
thou'rt like the *Baptist* in the wilderness:
yet ere for conscience off thy head should
go,
thou wouldst not cry *Oyes*, but roare out
No.

On deaf Joan, the Ale-wife.

she prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
like a sounding jugg that wants an eare.

To

To Zounds the Swaggerer

What dost thou mean to revel, roare, and
 To drink, and drabble, and swear so? wi^{spend}
 Thou rend
 Thy way to Hell? The Devil will spy day
 At a small hole; and snatch his Chuck away.

To the same.

What Gulf's within thee, that thou swa^{low'st} so?
 It is to drown all thirsts before thou go
 To that Infernall hat-house? such a ground
 Of reasons deeper than I list to sound.

To his Mistris.

WHat conscience say is it in thee
 When I a heart had one
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy ovvn:

For shame and pity now incline
 To play a loving patt,
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or send me back my heart.
 Covet not both; for if thou dost
 Resolve to part vvith neither;
 Why yet to shevv that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together;

On Love.

I Held Loves head vvhile it did ake,
 And so it chanced to be
 The cruel pain did him forsake,
 And forthvvith came to me,
 Ah me, how shal my grief be still'd,

F

Or

Or where else shal we find,
One like to me who must be kild
For being too too kinde.

To his Mistris.

Tis evening, my sweet, & dark, let us meet
Long time we have been a trying,
And never as yet, that season could get,
Wherein to have had an enjoying.

For pity or shame, then let not loves flame,
Be ever and ever a spending;
Since now to the Port the path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast, our hours do waste,
The while we never remember, (yeer
How soon our life here, grows old with th
That dies with the next December.

The Fairies.

[F ye will with Mab finde grace,
Set each platter in its place;
ake the fire up, and get
Water in ere Sun be set:
Wash your pales, and clense your Daries,
uts are loathsome to the Fairies;
weep your house, who doth not so
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Cherry-Pit.

Ulia and I did lately sit
Playing for sport at Cher ry-pit,
e threw, I cast and having throwne,
got the pit, and she the stone.

To Robbin Redbreast.

When I'm led out for dead, let thy last kindness be

With leaves and moss-work for to cover me:
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corps inter,

Sing thou my Dirge sweet warbling Chorister,

For Epitaph in foliage next write this,
Here, here the tomb of *William Redley* is.

His Vision to his Mistris.

I Dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses almost smothered;
But then I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day;
I kist thee (panting) and I call
The night to record, that was all;
But ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love give me more such nights as these.

To

To his Mistris.

COME my Deer, must my heart still break,
Love makes me write what shame for-
bids to speak ;

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a icore,
Then to that twenty, add a hundred more ;
A thousand to that hundred, so kiss on
To make that thousand up a million ;
Treble that million, and when that is done ,
Lets kiss a fresh, as when we first begun :
But yet though Love likes well such Scenes
as these,

There is an act that will more fully please ;
Kissing and courting, these but all make way
But to the acting of his private Play ;
Name it I would, but being blushing red,
The rest Ile speak when we both meet in bed.

His own Epitaph.

*As wearied Pilgrims once possesse
Of long'd for lodging, go to rest;
So I now having rid my way,
Fix here my pen, and make a stay:
Youth I confes. hath me misled,
But age hath brought me right to bed.*

On the Rosemary-branch

*Grow for two ends, I do not care at all,
Whether for my wedding, or my buriall.*

Charen.

Charon and Philomel, A Dialogue fung.

PHIL.

CHARON, O gentle Charon, let me woo thee
By tears and pity now to come unto me :

Ch. What voice so sweet & charming do I hear;
say what thou art, Ph. I prethee first draw neerer:

Ch. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see;
speak where thou art : Ph. O Charon pity me,
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say, I'm Philomel.

Ch. What's that to me? I love not fish or fowls,
Nor beasts fond bird, but onely humane souls.

Ph. Alas for me: Ch. Shame on thy witching note
That made me thus hoyst sail, & bring my boat;
But Ile return, what mischief brought me hither?

Ph. A deal of love, & much grief together.

Ch. What's thy request? Ph. That since she's
now beneath,

Whofed my life, I'le follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'me gone: Ph. By love
I pray thee.

F 4

Ch.

Ch. Talk not of love ; all pray, but few souls
pay me.

Ph. Ile give the voms and tears. Ch. Can tears
pay scores

For mending sa ls, for patching boat and oars?

Ph. I'le beg a peny, or I'le sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we make
Our sloathful passage on the Stigian Lake ;
Thou and I'le sing, to make these dull shades
merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my
Ferry.

To his Mistris.

I could but see thee yesterday
Sung by a fretful Bee,
And I the Jave in snatcht away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briars, and stings
I have in my poor brest,
Yet ne're can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest.

As

love shall help me, I admire
ow thou canst sit and smile
o see me bleed, and not desire
o stench the blood the while.

thou compos'd of gentle mould,
rt so unkind to me;
hat dismal stories will be told
f Trose, that cruel Bee.

To his Mistress, on the Day-break.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere I've Mary thou canst say,
le come and visit thee.

Let ere thou counsellest with thy glass,
Appear thou to mine eyes,
As smooth and nak'd as she that was
The Prince of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn that thou maiest look

As

As purest pearls and pebbles do,
When peeping through a brook.

Stool-ball.

At Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes, and wine;
Or for a Tansey let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.

If thou, my Dear, a winner be
At trundling of the Ball;
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my mis-fortunes all.

But if my Sweetest I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the bet,
And have for all a kiss.

The May-pole.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,

we drink to the Garlands around it :
but first unto those
whose hands did compose
the glory of flowers that crown'd it.

health to my Girls
whose husbands may Earls
Lords be, granting my wishes :
and when that ye wed
to the Bridal bed,
then multiply all like to fishes.

To his Mistress.

Thou saiest, Thou lovest me; I say no :
but would to Love I could believe 'twas so.
ardon my fear (Sweet) I desire
that thou be righteous found, and I the liar.

Charms

Charmes.

*Bring the holy Crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
Tis a certain charm to keep
Hogs away, while children sleep.*

Another.

*Let the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife;
Point b. up, and haſt be down,
While ſhe gossiſs in the Town.
This 'mongſt other miſtick Charmes
Keeps the ſleeping child from harms.*

Another, to bring in the Witch.

*To houſe the hag you muſt do this,
Commix with meal a little piſs*

him bewitched, the forthwith make
 little wafer, or a Cake;
 and this rawly bak'd will bring
 the old Hag in, no surer thing.

Another Charm for Stables.

hang up hooks and sheers to scare
 hence the hag that rides the Mare
 till they be all over wet
 with the mire and the sweat;
 this observ'd, the Mains shall be
 of your horses all knot-free.

Upon Cupid.

Love like a beggar came to me
 With hose and doublet torn,
 His shirt bedangling from his knee,
 With hat and shoes out-worn.

He askt an almes, I gave him bread
 And meat too for his need.

of

Of which when he had fully fed
 He wish't me all good speed,
 Away he went but as he turn'd
 In faith I know not how,
 He touch'd me so, as that I burn,
 And am tormented now,
 Loves silent flames and fires obscure,
 Then crept into my heart,
 And though I saw no bowe, I me sure
 His finger was the dart.

A Vow to Venus.

HAppily I had sight
 Of my dearest Deer last night;
 Make her this day smile on me,
 And Ile Roses give to thee.

Charms.

THis Ile tel you by the way,
 Maydens when ye Leavens lay,

Cross

Cross your Dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

Another.

In the morning when you rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes,
Next be sure ye have a care
Not to throw the water far;
Nor as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sp'rit.

Another.

If ye fear to be affrighted,
Then ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a trust
Carry nothing but a crust;
For that holy piece of bread,
Charms the danger, and the dread.

St. Distaffs day, or the morrow after Twelf-day.

PArtly work, and partly play,
Ye must on *St Dist. ffs-day*.
From the Plow soon free your teame,
Then come home, and fother them :
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the Flax, and fire the towe ;
Scorch their Plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire ;
Bring in pales of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men ;
Give *St Distaff* all the right ,
Then bid Christmass-sport good-night ;
And next morrow every one
To his own Vocation.

On Poets.

These Darlings of free Nature want no vi-
 gour
 Of brain, and therefore to grow richer liker
 Than weaker heads, and might be blest with
 (Angels,
 For which the souldier fights, and Lawyer
 wrangles)
 Did not their lofty Fancies 'bove the welkin
 Still soar, whilst others are for Treasures dil-
 ling
 But see, my verse is foundr'd, all this time
 I dream'd on riches, I but rav'd in rime.

Of Warr.

War's like a curst wife, whence a man may
 cull
 Some fruits of goodness, (though of mischief
 fall:)

G

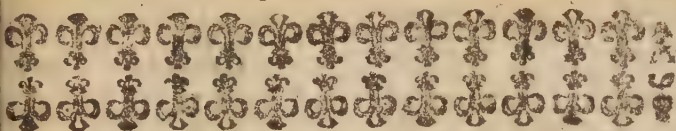
For

For those land-surfets wanton peace both
breed,
Warr by incision cures, when Kingdoms
bleed.

On Josephs Cloke.

The Snake his slough , the Dove her plumes
cast.

(Whose innocence & purdence hold we fast)
As *Joseph* left his garment, yet retain'd
A jewel, which once lost is ne're regain'd.
Thou stone-cold chastity far off doth flye,
And Lust assumes the Cloke of modesty.



DREAMS.

The first Dream.

WEnt I this Morn in cruel sport
 To fright the poor Hare from her fort?
 Vp-rouze her from the solemn Cel
 With horrors of a Fun'ral-Knel?
 Did Tyrant-I seek others prize?
 My self now made the Sacrifice?
Fates, you are equal, and thou *Love*;
 Like mercy I [just *Talio*] prove
 As meant to others; Torture, Pain,
 Dire scourge! tis my reward again.
 Twas she the Huntresse was, by th'way,
 That ayrd her so, like beauteous *May*,
 (Her Mistris rather) round bestowing
 Such Beauties sweets; dull winter shewing

Fresh-cheek'd turnd Sommer. O, what raies
 Then strook our eyes? what wonders blaze,
 Sweetst, Lightnings? what Soule rapes, divine
 Confusions? that th'ore flowing shine
 Spak't Heavenly *Vision*: if Earths race,
 Then *Woman*, lovely'st woman'twas;
 Or rare I know not-What: she's *All*
 Men *excellenc* perfection call.
 Her *Ey's* shot day-light *Beam*-supplyes,
 While th'*Sun* cloud-muffled seemd, close lyes,
 Asham'd on's gaudier blazing so,
 Those *Coop*-rayes to hers in shew;
 Or't may be *Love-lart* feard, least he
 By th'jealous *Morn* forsaken be;
 Or, indeed struck, with amorous head
 Jogd on, and so went *sick* to Bed:
 The World not needing beg th'old *Sun*
 Since they in her have two for one.
 No *Chimera* frost-work deckt the ground
 T'intice her foot, whose Beamings round
 That *Morn* disperst, perhaps ore-awd
 The glaz'd Earth, *Congelations* thawd:
 Her Pace *Court-measure*, graceful'st showd;
 While th' spic't ayr through her breath more
 good,
 Purgd wholsom seemd: as *Goblins* light,
 Fog shun her *Puerity*, take flight.
 Ten thousand *Cupids* came along

Playing

Playing in her Eyes, her cheeks, or hung
 O'th Brest, Lips, Hayr; incamp'd appear
 In *Bright* and lovely *It* *Musters* there;
 As with their quiverd Hoast would pierce
 All *Hearts*, and conquer th *Vniverse*:
 A moving world of wonder shewing;
 A Heaven of flesh all *Joyes* bestowing.
 Twas fairely-sweetly-cruel she
 That chas'd and seiz'd my liberty:
 That let a *Mint* of lightnings fly
 Heap of *Granadoes* from her Eye,
Dart-magatine that shot through mine;
 I saw their flaming point to shine
 All th way they came, when through tht Eye
 Th *Heart* bled in kindest sympathy:
 I *Sigh*, *Fca*, *Muse*, what wonders press
 Through these glaz'd *Organs*, *souls* possess!

On Phillis Close Nun-
 like Retirement.

Say beauteous *Fillis* why's so long
 Adjourn'd our *Day-break* till all's hung
 With *Greenland*-curse? O why (*one-fashion*)

Pore we on Clods, this dull *Creation*
 Thou our Gem hid? with whom's inshrind,
 The longings, blisses of *Mankind*:
 Is't for our sins, that righteous Heaven
 Hath us this *plague* 'mongit others Given.
 This Judgment sent (ala.) that we
 Must lose thy *Presence*, and want *Thee*?
 Or did we too prophanely slight
 That blessing, meanly rate thy *Sight*
 Enjoyd? when thou (more justly-nice)
 By want dost please t' inhanceyth *Price*:
 An angry absence must alone
 Make theemore reverenc't, and more known.
 Or last; was't *Charity* divine
 T' our errors, fraylties, did confine
 Thee to thy *Chamber*, Prayers t' implore
 And attone for us? O restore
 That Face back, fayr *Example* t' us;
 We shall grow good, less criminous.
 Rare *Beauties* were not made at all
 For cloystring, and live-burial,
 Though *Bats*, *Owls* be: those glorious *Seven*
 The unwasted *Lamps* of Earth and Heaven.
 (Sky-brooches) lo, they were not thrust
 To corners, log d in Rubbish, dust,
 But shine to th' world, and traverse by
Sphears blazing *Pageants*: whilst hid lye
 (Earth-chested) *Gold*, *Gems*, wher's their
 glory?

Sight's

Sight's all, that magnifies thy story.
 Sometime tis wholsom, purest *Maid*,
 To ayre thee through the field and shade;
 When from some *Hill* fayr-map'd does ly
 Small *Europe*, travell'd by thine *Eye*:
 And th'amazd People gazing round,
 As though another *Morn* were found.
 For as through sight thou *Physick*'st us:
 And our drofs-spirits reinnest thus
 To futtle Fire this Earth *Air* grown,
 Pure *unintentionall*: whilst (anon)
 The Bloods too revel't in each Veine
 So thou dost *Physick* thy Selfe again.
Mays Sovereign, delicious ayre,
 Twil make that *heek* more snowy-fayr
 (If possible,) those Brests of spice
 Thus fan'd more, Beds of *Paradice*:
 Twill make that *Angell*-shape to strike
 Our eyes with motion *Angel-like*,
 Quick, sprightly; improve that dayntiest
 Frame

So lively, as if all *Soul* became:
 Then shew thee oft deare *Cordial*; thus
 Thou physickst both thy self and *us*.

Phillis Nun-like Coyness

PHILLIS, Fayrest, why so coy
 So daynty-nice? when but I enjoy
 One favour such a task doth prove,
 Herculean Labour: tell me Love;
 What though that daintier Hand touch mine,
 (Of spo. less Allablafter-shine)
 Would't shew less fayr, and sullid be?
 Or lose the fashion, if by me
 But kindly prest? though never I
 Their sacred white do come so nigh
 But with waht hands, nor touch their Down
 But reverentiaall fear does crown
 The Devout Palm: your Glove all day
 May freelier touch; your Scizers may,
 Silk, needle, lawn, nay, meaner thred:
 Then is my Hand more vile indeed
 Then these? or say, you purify
 Those things by Touch, like Chimistry
 May these course hands sublime, refine.
 Or say those dayntier Lips touch mine,
 Are they impoverisht in their store?
 Or wast their Delicates the more

By

By often giving [since they are
A lasting sweetness] or less fair ;
Ought to lose their colour Ruby excell'g ?
The more they'r kiss'd, more red and swelling.
The wanton ayre with hovering play
May touch them, and the tawny Ray
Of Phoebus Toys, which often please ;
Then are my 'ins more base then these ?
The Fly may buzzing kiss, and touch
[Unblam'd] those Cherries ; mine's but such.
'Las, can you chide and frown when I
[Nye starv'd] do beg the Charity
Th' Alms of our kiss ? 'twas never yet
Held sin for Starvelings to crave meat ;
That's free : would you not life bestow
Where your self nere the poorer grow ?
Nay sweetest, woe's love-relish'd, this,
You would seem richer by a kiss :
Love's first-course, second Min-age tis.

The second Dream.

Twas Fresh-check'd May with all her
 pride
 And Progress bravery beautifi'd,
 Her musk, perfumes, and *Gems* of price,
 To take that *sex* more daynty, nice,
 When th'*Chaos-World* (late fullen) now
 Turn'd laughing all, stamp'd one whose brow
 Fine new *creation*: when froz'd *Men*
 (Not *May*s alone) seem'd *Live* agen:
 Forth went the *Nymph*, whose eyes fayr ray
 Had *January* turn'd to *May*,
 And spruc't the poor-clad earth howere
 With Flowrs, though *Flora* banished the
 yeare:

Forth *Phyllis* tript, whilst I alone
 Ingross'd the blessing, th'honour won
 T'attend her Walks chief Favourit,
 Sole Guardian to my Souls delight:
 Cal'd by her as if Heaven had cal'd
 To *Joyes*, wherein blest Saints instal'd,
 (Who would not glory?) *Champion* thence
 To weak, yet purest *Innocence*:
 For well my *PHILLIS* knew that I

Would

ould not hurt, but protecting dye;
nd (though, *Temptatio* all, her shape)
ould punish, not commit a Rape.
hus, though no morning-star am borne,
et was I *Vsher* to the *Morn*;
r rather Sun-companion shew,
Whose hand enrich'd mine with its snow.
taught envying now *Great Turk*; *Mogor*,
Tartarian China-bugbear or
lack *Southern Prince*; thus septer'd I
Durst boast a fayrer *Monarchy*.
Each Object as we tract below,
With rival-courtship seemd to wo
My Heavenly *Fair*; and bred in me
A kind of sportive *jealousie*:
Birds chant love-songs, *Gales* whisper soft
Kind tales, steal kisses, whilst (methought)
Herbs, *Flowers* hung their love-sick heads,
Or bowd with reverence from their beds;
Hills animated seem'd rejoyce;
And (wanton) *Echo* back her Voice:
O pregnant *Son*! say, what does prove
So all breeding as that Womb of Love?
Here, whilst I sacrific'd chaste Vows,
Sigh-Incense, (made unspotted those
Blest Hands the *Altars*) t' either eare
Thus *PHILLIS* breath'd, O, breath'd sounds
were
Sera-

Seraphick Musick! (words? be gone
 That poor Term) Thus she seemd to own
 Hold *Fondling*, don't expose abroad
 Such sweetness to th'Ayrs common Road;
 Be wise: th' Harmonious touch oth' *Sphears*
 Not Musick is the Vulgar ears:
 Repeat the Blissess to thine own;
 Tell *Venus*, or Loves-self alone:
 And feed you Lickerish eares, (reviv'd
 Your dear Joyes,) Fancy makes new-liv'd
 Whilst *Cupid* scores up all, each word
 (Th'Hour, Minute) in's chaste *Loves Recor*

PHILLIS *her Lute.*

Sight, Smelling, Tasting, Feeling, all b
 gone;
 And leave with me th'officious *Eare* alone:
 Go *Slumber*, (or th'whole Covent) loytrel
 play;
 Thou only attend (Souls Favourite) thi
 way:
 Bless, bless thy self and me, till seem transla
 ed
 To new divine Joyes, by that Hand-Created
 Lift,

, list with reverence; devoutly O
 arken; th' *Orbs Minstrelly* 's sham'd here
 below:
 ile *PHILL'S* gives Life to her senseless
Lute,
 d warbling language to what late was
 mute.
 ark, what delicious strains and Heavenly-
 rare
 o as twer sweeten, and enrich the *Apyl*
ebean Harps Great *Master* finds his skill
 ornd by th' *Olimpicks*, and but slighted still
 hen thou once playest; all listening unto
 thee;
 whom mean hands like to Winds rude
 blustrings be,
 r th' note of bubling *Brooks*: All Musick is
 atun'd harsh Discord, and but noyse to
This.
 way all dumpish cares, all pulling sorrow,
 [You Cloud-drove] fly my vworld, pack til
 the morrov;
 et me forget I'm Earth, or burdened am
 Vith dross of flesh, but t' *Elemental* flame
 em rarifi'd turn'd Spirits (air does shevv
 oor, languid) dance my blood; your veins
 oreflovv
 In

In glad tides; vvhilst those highst Soul-fac-
ties

Frame all a Masque: that Lute Soul-rev-
please.

O, there's a sweetly, sweetly-solemn strai-
Has laid all in a slumbering trance again.

And charmd all to amazement; view but round
How strange a Metamorphosis theres found
Men stand by th' Walls, and furnish out the

Room

Like Arras-pictures, or as to some Tomb
Belong'd for Monuments; whilst only fly
A glimpse of Life or Twilight from their

Eyes:

All's turn'd a Sepulcher, so whist and dead
A silence reigns; the sweet death welcomed
O, let me thus expire and melt away
To dissolution, Nature that Debt pay
of Vapour-breath, that else a boyling Fea-
ver,

Stone, Poyson, sturdy Gout, or stab might
lever:

Sweet-killing PHILLIS, thus the soul to stray
To Heaven 'twere t' have Heaven by the
way:

Such death were but to live; the Gasps to
this

ore-ravishing Delights, too powerful

nd then I dye a Martyr by thy hand,
hough not in wrath, but [spight of coun-
termand]

s fleeting souls last Farwel I must kiss
hat beauteous Hand, first Fool ! Alls spoild
by this.

PHIL-

PHILLIS Hand and Glove.

Fair Phillis, my ambitious Muse
 Through its aspiring zeal wo'd choose
 Rather to charm thy hand than Glove,
 Court that Diviner form, my Love;
 T' whom Snow with th' Alabaster mine
 Great Style of Whiteness only assign:
 Where azure streams in purling measure
 Make Cupids Isles and Place of pleasure.
 But this eclipses veils their light,
 And pleads Commission for't; worse spight;
 Whilst [cas'd up] beauteous they appear
 Like sacred Twin-like Relicks there:
 Worth above all Romes; like cloysterd Nuns,
 Or silver Orb involved Moons:
 Not nak'd to each unworthy eye
 Or the Suns bolder kisses lye,
 [Sight fit't for King] but then devout;
 Break forth like Morns their dusky East,
 When silk and gold as touch more fine;
 Some Needle-Miracle design;

Where

Where laid to th^e eye small new Creation,
 Birds, Beasts so near inanimation;
 No true that Natures self does start;
 Halfe mothering that meer Child of Art:
 Mock'd by this Landskip, nye mistakes
 For her own work th^e Hills, Plants, and Lakes.
 'Tis best Recluse-payr! you meanlyer-choice
 Beauties triumph it now, rejoyce;
 Let coarser Hands now bold'y shew,
 Seek iⁿ enamour with worse Snow.
 Your Gloves kind pardon, if I seem
 Transported here with what's their Gem,
 Chief Riches, Glory; wherefore spight
 Should not ore-long debar my sight:
 Since I love these too, even in this
 Fine, Pityest, winning beauty is;
 Both as it self, and as 'tis thine:
 So dainty-shap'd, Symmetrick, fine,
 Pure-white withal, that it might stand
 A rude-drawn Picture to that hand:
 Wherein (methinks) breath highest sweets
 Whose sublimation Iuno fits:
 This Pattern seems for the best of gloves
 As that (for hands) like th^e Queen of Leves.
 Cupid wouldst ordain that I
 Under that form might hug so nigh
 That Loved Hand, [miraculous feat!]
 But ah, I fear my Youthful Heart,

H

Sighs

Sighs soft-breath'd whispers, joyful Dance
Oth' panting-Heart, then colder Trance
With fervent ravenous kisses, soon
Would blab the Cozenage; all undone:
When I'm cashier'd eternally:
Whereas that Favourit-Glove laid by
Resloaths that Beauty; exalted is
To its late Paradisian Bliss.

Hi

His third Dream of FIL- LIS Evening Walk and Voice.

F*illis* and I (O, fondly 'st-kind,
Indulgent Stars ! thus still you bind,))
Fillis and I in Evening fair
Stole forth to take the Garden-air ;
That sweet 'st and mildest age of Day ,
When Sun does sprinkle a kinder Ray ;
Nor begets head-ach, whilst Goodnight
Sends from Far-West with drowsie light :
The Morn, That, plac'd like pauses sweet
Tween th' Aguish fits of Cold and Heat.
Those harmless Gales were only straying
Which dance the leaves with nicer playing,
Nor whisper, whilst with kind of bliss
Mays Flowry beauteous strangers kiss
In sign of welcom : toying oft
With *Fillis* Curles ; when us'd (methought)
Reverence too, least through its sin
One curle disturb'd, or spoild had been.
Th' Ayrs Concave still'd to quiet rest

Like Fillis gentle Maiden-brest.
 Who, mask'd and vail d, (that else had sc
 Travers'd a gloomy Thicket design'd
 With Love-maze Laborynth where in shri
 Th' Worlds beauty appeard: twas ambu
 plot
 To bear the Nightingales small throat,
 High st, strong'd to boot, (that, prais'd to
 The Shades prime Songster, harmony)
 With rest oth Noise, who begun,
 As if toth' then departing Sun
 Would chirp a merry shril Goodnight,
 And so long sing as he gave Light:
 Which heard (the fine mirth jollity)
 To smiling, pleasure, by and by
 Fillis puts in toth' warbling quire:
 Fair Goddess lo, which seem'd t' inspire
 Those little creatures with their skill;
 Who now chant Anthems t' her praise sti
 The ruder Place seem'd Chaos-wise
 Turn'd to a new drest Paradise,
 Earth Heaven, so well that face and tong
 Might to sweet Cherubins belong.
 Gods (wrapt with joy oth' creation)
 T' affairs divine held strait Vacation,
 Breaking Heavens Parliament asunder
 To see, to hear this Mortal wonder,
 (The air trac'd in measures), while crof-arm

me sate, inamourd shewing, Love-charmd;
onsulting all her soon translation
om this base earth to th' starry station
their *Quires* Mistris, while She-powrs
prais'd, or envi'd from their Towrs,
ood-satyres skipping wildly round:
his masque at least my Fancy found.
th' All of Rapture, sweets how high!
st Joyes the ears capacity
ould reach to, onely those above,
e dear Soul-melting Sounds of Love.
er Lute was rare though dead the sound,
his living therefore rarer crownd:
hat, was but hollow Timbers noise,
his, sweet, warm, lovely Womans voice:
Religion swayd, else I had nigh
Been guilty of Voice-Idolaty.

FILLIS and the Nightingale.

R Are charming Voice! but [O] how rare
 Breath'd by that She so only fair!
 Whose face and bodies beauties be
 Compos'd with so rare Symmetry
 (Heavens choice design) so sweetly accorded,
 One Heavenly Confort all afforded;
 And were the Harmony o'th Eye,
 Seem'd Natures silent Melody:
 Nere man so doubly-blest; th' eye, ear!
 Record it Love, twas only here.
 Each trembling Noat those Corals wrought
 (VWhen born) seem'd swaddled, wrapt me-
 thought,
 And (as soon dying) Embalm'd within
 So sweet breath, as perfum'd 't had been;
 Came flying in a precious air
 Of Odors, 'bove Arabian far:
 The same sweet noats you would have deem'd
 The several souls of Musick seem'd;
 VVhilst the whole Song rare sweetest com-
 pound,

VVherein

Wherein th' Ear's Sugar, Sytrop found.
Could I've caught and kept alive
Those precious sounds beyond reprove
Those Spirits of Sweetness as they flye,
To t' have had constant Melody;
Jay Phillis self still by me in those:
Her Breath, preserv'd and relick'd close
Had serv'd for soveraign protection
Gainst poyf nous Plagues, and all infection.
If that fam'd Harp, could Rivers cause
To stand at wanton gaze and pause;
Beasts, stubborn Rocks, and burly Trees,
Made dance in Antique Revels these;
Her voice must greater Magick prove
And make them court her, fall in Love.
While Phillis breath'd and clos'd her song,
Behold a pritty wonder sprung;
Th' ambitious Nightingale replyd,
Through pettef emulations pride;
Chief Chorister I 'th feathered Court
To th' Royal Eagle fam'd] in sport
Would sing her part, and nimble runs
Her fine-poiz'd quaint Divisions:
Now Phillis, then the Nightingale,
Now she, then she, which should prevail:
The Chirper falls to earnest now,
No more must jesting strains allow:
Tis sober Duel, no idle play,

Sharp brest-concentration for the day :
Till the poor Bird presumes still higher ,
As life vvould forfeit and expire.
VVhich pittying, I vvvas fain to intreat
Her softer heart vvould make retreat,
And end the dangerous strife so nigh
By yeelding a false Victory :
This quarrel must not the loss prove
Of such a voice to th' Spring and Grove :
Her Mercy rather should reprove
[Double honors Trophie] keep alive.
VVhen loth to stifle yet my blisses,
I silenc'd those sweet lips vvith Kisses :
Though but th' ears airy joyes transfer
To th' solid touch; so, sav'd the Bird.

His

With such dire ceremony, ruful guize,
 As each did his own Funeral solemnize.
 Lo, Deaths *March* twas; First went young

(Swains by pairs

Each crownd with mournful *Cipress*, Usherers
 To th solemn Herse: Those four next to't

[that led

Bare *Shieldes*, where pictur'd on a cole-black
 [bed

A pale dead Virgin lay, prepar'd as twere
 To Bridals and which beauteous did appear
 Even in death, by deaths black arms imbract;
 And over, in white Characters was plac't,

This, this my Lover, this my Bridal: So

All pass'd along. But following th' Herse
 [did go

A single Swain; how dismal-lookt flow-pac't!
 Trust bulk of wretchedness, ore whose face

[cast

A meer Life-damp; seem'd Ghost to th'
 [Corps before;

Sighs storm'd about him, whilst he drench'd
 [their shore

His torrent eys; and thus would needs excel,
 Surpass in grief: About his Hat mix'd wel

Forlaken Willow, *Cipress*; where above
 This written, *Deaths my Rival*. Next does

[move

The

The Virgin-train in white, which Censers
[bear
Dark-vail'd like Dooms-day Planets: Torch-
light there
Fore't frightful Noon. And thus they softly
[trace
(Dire measure! how unwilling!) to th' sad place
Where they must leave their slumbring
Nymph behind
T' enrich the Covetous Earth; which (half
struck blind)
The Youth beheld, never spake Sorrow more
Then now in silence: different Passions
[store;
Here sighs, there tears, pale looks there, yet
[all one
Consort in Grief: This, general alone,
All look'd their utmost, til now lost the sight,
With whom their eyes seem'd as 'twere bu-
ry'd quite;
And (blind to upper things in earth beneath
Are following her, as if in spite of death
Would stil enjoy: with many a pitying muse,
The rude ore churlish mold should so abuse
That daintiest Body, which (though one
more nice)
Las, now complain'd not, but death-tranced
[lyes.
What

What Maiden adieus; what tears! Swaines
kiss'd the Place;
All saying, Richer-gem'd Earth never was.

Epitaph.

Here Chastity it self doth lye,
And Beautie's self; whom never eye
Nor tongue could tempt as yet love;
Till Death his violent dart did prove;
And (powerful'st) won unto his Bed:
Though She was even then Ravished.

Phillis

PHILLIS Complaint.

Why was I born,
Or not born blind?
Though thence the scorn
Of whol- mankind,
Their Pity, or Wonder;

That so I'd Womans Shape nere known;
(rse. ing, had I mist but one,

But Thine alone;
We only kept asunder :

O then kinde Heavens you had blest
A Soul of Anguish,

That's now condemn'd to sad unrest
And endlessly must languish.

Yet check my Heart, no more

These Complaints give ore :

Since thou hadst rather die, through her rejection

Then not have seen so rare perfection.

On

On his retired Lady.

I.

VV Hen you were born, sure nature meant
 some other thing:
 Whose meaning (by your discontent)
 You'd peevishly to ruine bring.
 The Sun doth shine, the stars hold forth,
 And so should you expose your worth.

II.

Why should a face, whose Magick may
 weak souls recruit,
 The vallons and the veils obey?
 Or wherefore should that tongue be mute,
 Whose harmony to mortal ears,
 Sings high and sweeter then the Sphears?

III.

Each, for her Countreys welsare, came
 into the earth.

art of her best parts we may claim,
 As truly forfeit at her birth;
 Yet since forc't boons are not so kinde,
 We'l beg your face, and vertuous minde.

I V.

As did Medusa by her eyes,
 to stones convert
 Each daring look; so thine surprise;
 But 'tis not with Medusa's art:
 As flesh to stones transformed she,
 So stony hearts are broke by thee.

V.

Thy sacred lips, where cherries grow,
 set round with spice,
 Whence loves Ele Stars freely flow;
 Why in recess constrain'd so nice?
 Sure he shall die unblest that misses
 The famous booty of your kisses.

V I.

Will thy bright beams be ere the less
 for lighting me?

Or will it blur thy comeliness?

Or stigmatize thy dignity?

Then lie no longer in the Mines:

Diana's chaste, and yet she shines.

VII.

Pray what avails Diana's tower?

Or what consent

Is couched in the golden shower,

While she receives imprisonment?

The life of beauty's by resort,

Not in the prison, but the Court.

VIII.

Then bring thine Eastern cheeks abroad

And hide no more

Those Gems each judgement would applaud,

And with a reverence adore.

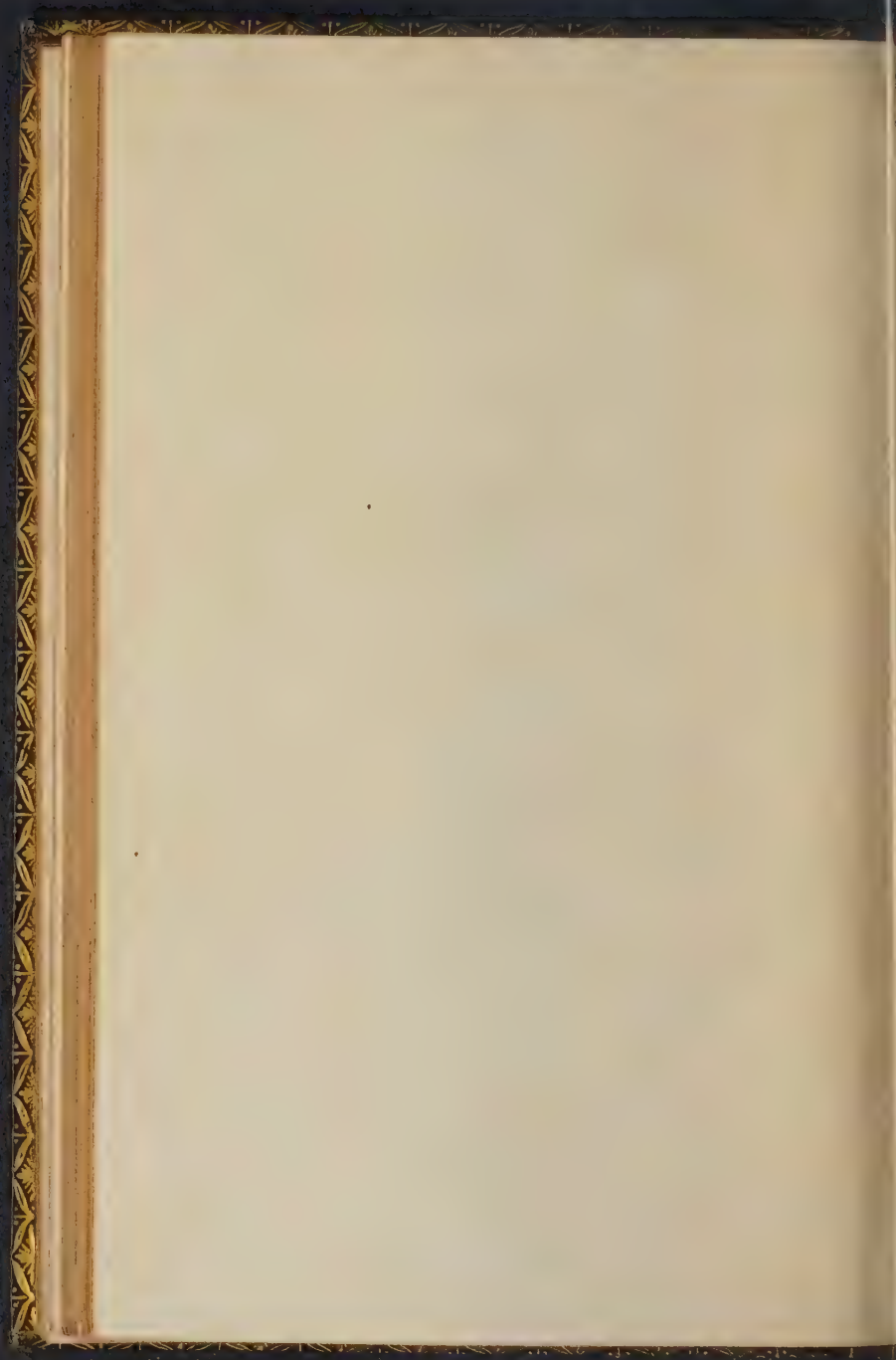
So both your self and we in this

Shall have the greater share in bliss.

IV

FINIS

Sam. Quiddell 1707



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